

On the Day of Silence

a short story

KAITLYN DEANN

Copyright © 2012 by Kaitlyn Deann
Second Edition: November 2016

All rights reserved.

Kaitlyn Deann

Visit my website at www.authorkaitlyndeann.com

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This was originally written in 2012 for my grandmother's birthday. I have edited it and I am making it available for my readers, because why not?

Also, the style I have written it in is called verse. I have enjoyed putting this together, and I hope all of my readers out there have found this short tale intriguing.

Please feel free to leave a review letting me know what you think!

A TOWN CALLED ASHES

It's the Day of Silence again,
and I am already tired
of everyone being so quiet.
I hate this time of the month.
It's always so upsetting.
Everyone is sad because
they are remembering what
our ancestors have gone through
over the years.

Don't get me wrong,
I am remembering too,
and I am thankful for everything
my ancestors went through
to protect their people.
I just wonder sometimes
how much mourning
one can suffer
before there is nothing
left to
mourn.

It's like we keep
reliving the pain,
over
and over
and over.

Why?

What is the point?

Why can't we just
go on with our lives?

And stop making ourselves,
our lives, miserable.

NOTHING LEFT

Out of everyone here,
I may be one of the
only ones that actually
has a reason to
mourn.

My little sister was
killed
six years ago
by a large dog that attacked her.
She was only three,
and I was seven.

And I witnessed everything:
the biting,
the screaming,
the terror,
the dying.

And the gunshot when my father
finally shot the crazed animal.

But it was too late for Avery.

She couldn't be saved.

And then, one year ago,

both my parents died
on a hunting trip,
by an animal,
just like Avery.

The authorities tell me
that it was a bear.

That's why I can say that
if anyone has a right to
suffer, it is me.

I've
lost
everything.

MY EVERYTHING

On this day of every month

I go out into the forest,

to my favorite tree,

where I know,

if I'm very quiet,

I will see my unicorn

in all his glory.

The beautiful rosy hair

over his back and face,

his violet mane and tail,

his white pointed horn

in the middle of his forehead.

He's alone,

like me.

We are each other's company.

He is all I have left now,

and I am all he has left,

since he separates himself

from everyone and everything.

Even me.

DESIRE

He wants me—

I can feel it
deep in my bones.

But he's afraid
of getting too close.

He doesn't want
to hurt me,
because he knows
if he loses control,
he could.

I know he won't,
though.

His heart is too pure.

He is too good
to be able to hurt me.

He thinks I'm naïve
for thinking this.

SPOTTED

There he is,
hiding behind
a group trees and brush,
poking his head out to stare at me
with his wide violet eyes.
He is so beautiful.
I wish he would let
me near.

HOPES

Today he might.

Today I plan to

approach him

and beg him not to run.

I don't know whether

he'll stay or not,

but I can only hope.

The last time I tried approaching him,

he vanished before my eyes,

moving so fast,

I hardly saw him leave.

Oh, how thrilling

it would be to ride

on his back while he ran.

Zooming passed trees

and landscapes so quickly

I'd

lose

my

breath.

I hope he'll let me today.

APPROACHING

Slowly, I climb down
from the mesquite tree
I've been hiding in.

Aaron,
my lovely unicorn,
warns me.

Don't, he begs,
a whisper in my head.
I don't want to hurt you.
"You won't," I tell him,
speaking for the first time
on the Day of Silence
since I lost Avery
six years ago.

He takes several steps back,
watching me carefully.

You have no idea, Ruth,
he whispers.

I've killed so many people.
"You can't kill me," I remind him.

And even if he does,
it seems fitting,
like it's my destiny
to be killed
by an animal.

I wouldn't want to go
any other way.

THE UNICORN

He doesn't reply,
but hesitates,
swishing his tail
back and forth.
He knows
he couldn't kill me.
He loves me,
and that's enough
to be able to control
his inner horror.

The nature of the
globally feared unicorn.

AARON

He was not always
a unicorn,
I remember him
telling me once,
when we'd first met.
He was a human boy,
around my age.

But he got
too close
to a unicorn,
like he's afraid of me
getting too close to him now.
The unicorn attacked,
bit him,
and left him
to die
in a pool of human blood,
his blood.
But he didn't die.
An old woman,

who nursed him back
to health, saved him.
She knew what would happen
to him in the year to follow.

She knew the transformation
was inevitable,
yet she still saved him,
because he was a life
worth saving.

Now, his humanity fights
to control the aggressive unicorn
that he is.

MOVING FORWARD

I take several cautious
steps towards him.

I don't want him
to run away.

Not again.

Not like the last
twenty-something times
I've tried getting close to him.

Ruth, he whispers.

He sounds mournful,
as if he's already killed me.

"I know," I whisper back,
freezing in my steps.

"I know you love me.

I love you, too.

Stop pushing me away."

He whinnies once,
and takes one step back,
still afraid.

But then he freezes
when I drop to my knees,

pleading.

TAKE ME AWAY

“Aaron,” I whisper his name.

He’s never heard me
speak his name before.

“Please.

Don’t leave again.

You are all I have left.”

I’m a murderer, Ruth, he says.

What if I can’t control myself
when the monster in me rages
and you’re around?

“You can do it,” I tell him.

“You are strong.”

He doesn’t move,
doesn’t speak.

He’s a statue.

“Just one day,” I tell him.

If I kill you,

I’ll have nothing left.

“If you leave again,
I’ll have nothing left.”

We're still for several minutes,
me on my knees in the dirt,
Aaron standing there,
staring at me with his
beautiful violet gaze.
His matching tail is the
only thing that moves,
swishing;
it's also the only sound
other than the breeze
rustling the leaves in the trees,
and the occasional chirping
of the blackbirds.

ACCEPTED

Aaron steps forward,
finally accepting
that he can't hurt me,
wouldn't hurt me;
he loves me too much
to allow the aggressive monster
inside him kill me.

My eyes fill with tears
as I reach out for him,
being closer than I've
ever been before to
my unicorn.

RUN

He's soft,
like he's wearing
a rosy velvet coat.
He's still cautious
as he helps me
onto his back.
I grip his mane,
afraid he'll change
his mind and make me get off.
Then he's running,
and my breath is lost,
but I don't care.
This is everything
I've ever wanted.
To be with my unicorn,
my Aaron,
running through the land
lightning fast.
He takes me away from Ashes,
the sad town that remembers
every bad thing

that ever happened.

“Never look back,” I beg him,
holding him tightly to me.

Never, he agrees.

And he

doesn't

slow

down.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Even though this is a short story, I have to say a few words about the people who inspired this 14k word story about a girl and her unicorn. The inspiration for this story came from... Facebook! Yes, that's right. Facebook.

One day, my sister posted a status that went like this: "Add a comment to continue the story. Let's see how far it goes! Once upon a time..." And, of course, people started building a story. I was a part of that thread.

Thanks to everyone who participated in inspiring Ruth and Aaron's story with your own unique little ideas, even though I didn't use them all!

I'd like to say thank you to my family, too, for encouraging me in what I love to do. I know I can always count on you for anything and everything! I love you!